

# Puck

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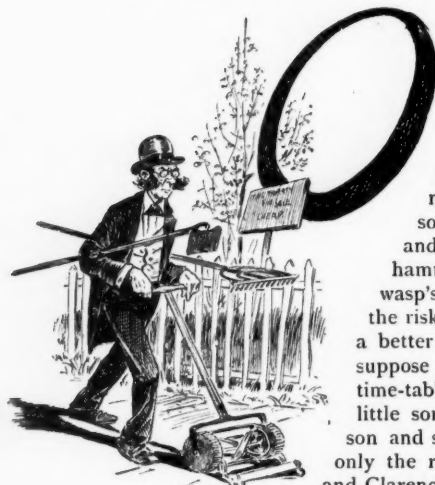


BRYAN IS THE ABLEST WORKER FOR SOUND MONEY.

THE MORE HE TALKS, THE MORE MCKINLEY WEIGHS.



## A FALL EVENING IN BEAUTIFUL LONESOMEHURST.



**O** H! THE BEATIFIC, the poetically perfect life of the suburbanite!

"Ferdinand," sweetly exclaims Mrs. Isolate, as, after coming out from the crowded city, Mr. Isolate has hunted up the hoe, the rake and the lawn mower for their next door neighbor, who dropped in to make a social borrowing call that afternoon, and then, standing unsteadily in the hammock he has knocked down a new wasp's nest from the roof of the porch at the risk of his neck, "Ferdinand, you have a better head for mathematics than I have; suppose you hear little Clarence recite his time-table, this evening? Teacher says our little son would have been perfect in his lesson and stood at the head of the class, to-day, only the railroad has put on two new trains, and Clarence had not heard of them, while Bobby McCracken learned of them through our station agent, and went to the head, accordingly."

Mr. Isolate proudly hears his little son recite, after which he assists little Clarence in doing a mathematical example: Tomatoes are fifty cents a peck in the city. The Isolates next door farmer neighbor, Mr. Smitherton, who raises tomatoes, takes them to the city and sells them to the produce man there. The city produce man, in turn, sells them back to Snider, the local Lonesomehurst grocer. What will little Clarence's mother have to pay Snider for a peck of these same tomatoes?



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### AN ERROR.

CONDUCTOR.—Ticket!  
SLEEPY PASSENGER.—McKinley and Hobart—Oh!—'xcuse me, I thought it was another straw vote.

Little Clarence has decided, after intricate figuring, that one dollar a peck is the solution of the problem. Mr. Isolate, however, has dwelt in beautiful Lonesomehurst longer than little Clarence, and he, therefore, brings experience to bear upon the example. He unhesitatingly places the solution as two dollars a peck, and hits it first off. He then hears little Clarence recite his natural history lesson, which requires the naming of all the main suburbs of all the cities of the United States and telling who is the chief of the Volunteer Hose Company of each.

After this, Mr. Isolate settles down to enjoy a quiet smoke, while Mrs. Isolate entertains him by reading to him from the evening paper which he has brought out to her, item of news which he read only an hour or so before and which it supremely delights him to hear again. At nine o'clock he and she fasten dish pans and tin dippers to the catches of the windows on the first floor and tie little Clarence's drum to the inside knob of the front door, as a protection against burglars, and decorously retire.

I know all about it, for I not only have been, but am there myself.

Con Converse.



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### HURT HIS FEELINGS.

FRIEND.—Vot vos you quavereing mit Isaacs apout? Did he say your veel vos not der best make?

WHEELMAN.—No; but he say he could buy dot veel fife tollars less dan I paid for it.

### PROOF.

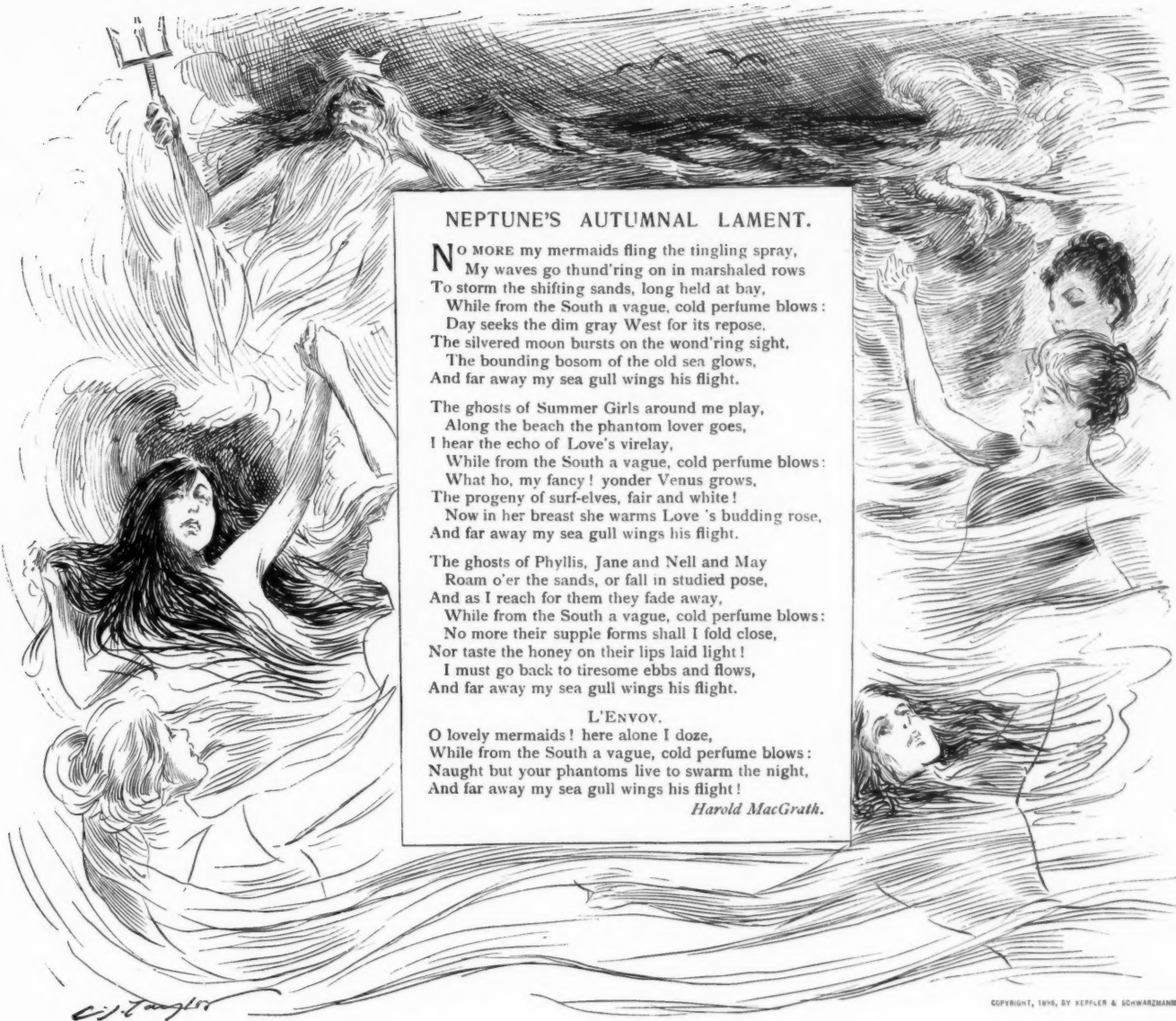
BROWN.—Did you ever happen to know a reporter that was a Spiritualist?

JONES.—Oh! there are none.

BROWN.—How do you know?

JONES.—If there was one, would n't he have called up Thomas Jefferson long ago and secured a statement as to which wing of the Democratic party is orthodox?





# NEPTUNE'S AUTUMNAL LAMENT.

NO MORE my mermaids fling the tingling spray,  
My waves go thund'ring on in marshaled rows  
To storm the shifting sands, long held at bay,  
While from the South a vague, cold perfume blows:  
Day seeks the dim gray West for its repose.  
The silvered moon bursts on the wond'ring sight,  
The bounding bosom of the old sea glows,  
And far away my sea gull wings his flight.

The ghosts of Summer Girls around me play,  
Along the beach the phantom lover goes,  
I hear the echo of Love's virelay,  
While from the South a vague, cold perfume blows:  
What ho, my fancy! yonder Venus grows,  
The progeny of surf-elves, fair and white!  
Now in her breast she warms Love's budding rose,  
And far away my sea gull wings his flight.

The ghosts of Phyllis, Jane and Nell and May  
Roam o'er the sands, or fall in studied pose,  
And as I reach for them they fade away,  
While from the South a vague, cold perfume blows:  
No more their supple forms shall I fold close,  
Nor taste the honey on their lips laid light!  
I must go back to tiresome ebbs and flows,  
And far away my sea gull wings his flight.

## L'ENVOY.

O lovely mermaids! here alone I doze,  
While from the South a vague, cold perfume blows:  
Naught but your phantoms live to swarm the night,  
And far away my sea gull wings his flight!

Harold MacGrath.

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# HIS PROGRESSION.

MISS DOGOOD.—What are you going to do with that fat boy of yours, Uncle 'Rastus?

UNCLE 'RASTUS.—Laws, honey! I 'se got dat all fixed. I reckon in anudder yean he 'll be big enough to fill a pulpit.

# HIS ONE AMBITION.

RUSTICUS.—Did you take in Summer boarders because you liked them?

FARMER.—Wa-al, I reckon not! You see, I like the money they bring. Every Fall it gives me a chance to get another whack at them green-goods fellows.

# KEEPING UP.

"I'm often out of humor," said the funny man; "but I don't see any use in acting grumpy about it."

# COULD N'T STAND IT.

BINGO.—I've had to change my grocery store.

KINGLEY.—What 's the matter?

BINGO.—Why, I had n't been trading there two months before they began sending things C. O. D.!

# AS TO PATIENCE.

"They may talk about the patience of cats," remarked the mouse; "but I guess there are others."

And it waited quietly for two hours until the enemy raised the siege; and even then it was in no hurry to venture out.

WOMEN ARE more truly religious than men;—look at the way they kiss their enemies.



# STRAINED TO SUPPLY CASH.

"Speaking of strained relations," said the flip young man, airily lighting a cigarette, "you ought to meet my dad."

# AWSOMELY O'ERTAKEN.

CHARLEY BOND (of New York).—No; I don't belong to any Brown-ing club. The fact is, I can't comprehend Browning.

MISS PRISCILLA McBEAN (of Boston).—Comprehend? Why, my dear Mr. Bond, none of us do that. Our most advanced members merely aim to apprehend him.

# FUNNY.

"Sir!"  
(This would n't be funny at all had it not been said to a new woman.)

# A CYNIC.

"Pa, what is diplomacy?"  
"International lying, my son."

# NOT TRUE TO NATURE.

TEACHER.—I find that your boy spends a great deal of time reading dime novels. They are calculated to give him entirely false ideas.

FATHER.—Yes; I must have it stopped. I was looking over one of his detective stories and it represents the detectives as continually finding out things.



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# TO BE ENCOURAGED.

CHOLLY.—Aw—I am inclined to think—aw—  
SHE.—Pray, go on.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

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I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

INFLATION AT THE CORNERS.

HE HED a game o' poker at the Corners  
t' other night,  
An' it seemed fer quite a spell 't would be  
endin' in a fight.

There was me an Abner Martin, an' young  
Abijah Reese,  
The Populistic candidate fer Jestice of the Peace,  
An' last come Ezry Turner, — an' you ought to  
seen us four  
A-settin' an' a-playin' keerds upon the stable  
floor!

When we wuz startin' in ter play 't was jes' the  
evenin's shank.  
We bought two shillin's-wuth a piece, — ol' Ezry  
hed the bank.  
He give out corn to us fer chips, — the same to  
ev'ry gent, —  
Red kernels fer a nickel, an' white ones fer a cent.

I started fer a run o' luck, an' Abner done the  
same, —  
It did n't seem no trick at all fer us to beat the  
game.

We got ol' Ezry swearin', an' he commenced to bluff.  
He hed to keep a-shellin' corn to git him chips enough.

There wuz som'thin' 'bout Abijah 't wuz hard to understand.  
He wuz a-losin' stiddy — not pickin' up a hand! —  
An' yit he kep' a-tradin' in five white ones ter a red;  
An' when ye counted up his chips, ye seen he wuz ahead!  
I hed no special reason fer to ask him what he done,  
But purty soon I looked and seen ol' Ezry catchin' on.

An' then I seen as plain an' clear as I can see yer face,  
Thet thar poker sittin' would be endin' in disgrace!

It wuz n't more 'n a minnit till Abijah spoke an' said:  
"Here 's five more white ones, Ezry, 't I 'll trade ye fer a red."  
Then Ezry answered with a sneer an' with a witherin' glance,  
"Abijah, what ye kerryin' in th' pockets of yer pants?"

An' Abijah, lookin' purty sick an' sheepish an' ferlorn,  
An' seein' that he could n't bluff ol' Ezry, answered, "Corn!"

Ol' Ezry looked him squar'ly in the eye an' said: "Them tricks  
Won't never go in poker as they do in politics!"

Fred Nye.

JOGGING HIS MEMORY.

"I've been thinking all day over that story you told me at the  
dinner last night."

"Good, was n't it?"

"Yes; I was trying to remember where I had heard it."

REST ASSURED that if your misdeeds find you out they will call again.



A CLEAR CASE.

CLARENCE. — As I undahstand it, me boy, old Gotrox first told  
you that you could have his daughter, and then went back on his word?

WILLY. — Thawt 's 'bout th' size of it, bah Jove!

CLARENCE. — Then, deuce take it, old chap! I should just sue  
him for non-support; that 's all!

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FRIENDSHIP À LA FEMME.

The structure of the female mind  
The logical want amends;  
But I a cause for wonder find  
In the way they hate their friends.



THE CAUSE OF HIS ABSENCE.

"Does Shacknasty Johnson live near here?" inquired a traveler who was journeying across the Oklahoma prairie.

"Nope," replied the man addressed, a gray-whiskered old fellow, who had come out to the barb-wire fence in response to the stranger's hail.

"Well, do you know where he can be found?"

"Nope."

"Dear me! I must have lost my way. Can you tell me where Mr. William Hoon, familiarly known as 'Old Grizzly Bill,' lives, then?"

"I reckon so."

"Where is it?"

"Right yere; I'm Hoon."

"Indeed? Why, they told me at the settlement that Johnson lived within gun-shot of you."

"He did; that 's the reason he hain't yere now."

ENHANCED THE VALUE.

MRS. TERWILLIGER.—Oh, dear! the movers upset that barrel.  
TERWILLIGER.—Never mind! It's the bric-à-brac.

WHO, TO BE SURE?

The man who talks about his neighbors may possibly sneak through the pearly gates; but who wants to go through eternity wearing a rhinestone crown?



A RECORD OF PROFITS.

HE (*puzzling over wife's check-book*).—Why, my dear, I can't make head or tail out of these stubs. They foot up more than you ever had in bank.

SHE.—Oh, that's all right, dear! I just used the stubs to jot down what the things were *before* they were marked down, so as to show how much I made; don't you see?



PRaisEWORTHY ACTIONS.

BRIDGET KELLY (*cooly*).—So yiz wint t' confission yisterdy, did yez? An' yez confissed all th' kisses ye 've shtole from me th' month, I hope!

OFFICER KEEGAN.—Oi did. An' Father Malone s'id he did n't blame me.

BRIDGET KELLY.—He s'id he did n't blame yez?

OFFICER KEEGAN.—He did;—he s'id thot wuz n't a sin ut all, ut all,—thot wuz a charity!

IN DOUBT.

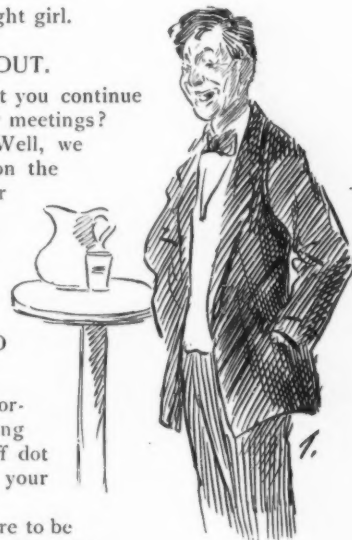
SHE.—Do you intend to go abroad on your wedding trip when you get married?

HE.—I do, if I marry the right girl.

ALL THOUGHT OUT.

MR. DEWTELL.—Why is it you continue to employ brass bands at your meetings?

CAMPAIGN ORGANIZER.—Well, we have the band play a selection the very first thing, and after that the audience will listen to any orator so long as he keeps the band quiet.



TOO EARLY TO CONDOLE.

FRIEND.—I vos sorry to hear dot young Isaacs has broken off dot engagement mit your daughter.

PAPA.—Vot is dere to be sorry apoud? If ve lose dot suit for twenty t'ousand tollars damages it vill be time enough to be sorry.

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONSEQUENCES.

BROWN.—A Welsh rabbit is a nice sort of dish for a man in your condition! I thought you were under treatment for dyspepsia?

SMITH.—I'm following instructions to the letter. The doctor mentioned dozens of things that I was not to eat, but he never said a word about Welsh rabbit.

HE EXPLAINS HIS POSITION.

SHE.—Won't you take a tract?

HE.—Yes, Mum; but, you see, I wuz in Chicago oncet—an'—an'—

SHE.—And what, my good man?

HE.—An' if I could live on wind I'd have sted there.



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### A MATTER OF TASTE.

MR. MOKEBY.—I hab no respect fo' a man what lets his wife buy his neckties.

MRS. MOKEBY.—An' she do hab de misabullest taste, fo' shuah! He nebbah has a tie wif moah dan fo' colors in it, at de mos'!



### THE HAMMOCK.

HE HAMMOCK still droops in a desolate curve  
From the boughs of the old apple-tree,  
Through its meshes the Autumn wind mournfully wails  
As it sways to and fro pensively.  
No doubt it is thinking—if hammocks  
can think—

Of the halcyon twilights of June,  
When it held the sweet burden of beauty  
and youth  
And swung to a livelier tune.

While Cupid wove swiftly about the  
young pair

A closer and sturdier net,  
Lurking Hymen the captives then popped in his bag—  
Where he keeps them in custody yet.  
But they don't seem to mind, though they've been  
twice ensnared

By such diabolical charms,  
And their fetters will hold till they've been  
reinforced  
By a girdle of chubby young arms.

Dick Law.

### THE STATUS.

FRIEND.—Do you know how  
to ride yet?

BEGINNER.—Yes, I know how;  
but I can't do it just yet.

### AN EVERY-DAY PARADOX.

"Jones is a sad dog."  
"Yes; he has a gay time."

### AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT.

FRANK.—Belle has figured in a  
good many engagements, has n't she?

MAY.—Yes; and that's just the  
trouble! If she had n't devoted her-  
self to footing up so many incomes she  
might have been married before this.

### EQUIVALENT EXPRESSIONS.

HE.—Well, did you hear anything about that Jones-Brown affair?

SHE.—Oh, yes! I can't begin to tell you all I heard.

HE.—I suppose that means you won't be able to stop.

### A COMPLICATED CASE.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Is Bill goin' to have Sharpley to defend him?

SECOND BURGLAR.—No. He don't think Sharpley has the right  
experience.

FIRST BURGLAR.—How's that? Sharpley got him off lots of times  
before.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Yes; but this time Bill says he ain't guilty.

### CRITICISM.

FRIEND.—That is one of those old time tankards, Colonel. Each  
man, you know, was supposed to drink down to  
his peg and pass it along.

THE COLONEL.—They had queer  
notions of hospitality, did n't they,  
to draw a line on a man  
like that?

### HE TRIES AGAIN.

TEACHER.—Oh, no!

it is n't "Eye-talian"

—Try again.

JOHNNY.—Dago.

### BOTH INFECTIOUS.

MRS. HICKS.—Why  
did we walk fast by that  
house with the red flag?

DICK HICKS.—Sign of  
danger; sometimes it's  
small-pox, sometimes an  
auction.



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### A TIFF.

SHE.—I think you are very unreason-  
able.

HE.—I was! I expected you to be  
reasonable.

### A REVISED QUOTATION.

"But she *is* good-looking."

"Oh, well, cosmetics are only  
skin deep."

### THE BEST AUTHORITY.

JONES.—That statement which  
was exclusively reported by the *Daily Shouter* yesterday may be true,  
after all.

JENKINS.—Why do you think so?

JONES.—It is exclusively contradicted by the *Daily  
Shouter* this morning.

### A MATTER OF DISPOSITION.

"My wife was rather worried when I left  
her this morning."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, she had been worrying about  
something or other last night, and  
this morning she could n't remem-  
ber what it was."

### AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

FIRST PUGILIST.—How's  
business with you?

SECOND PUGILIST.—Well,  
it's sluggish.

### AN IDEAL STATE.

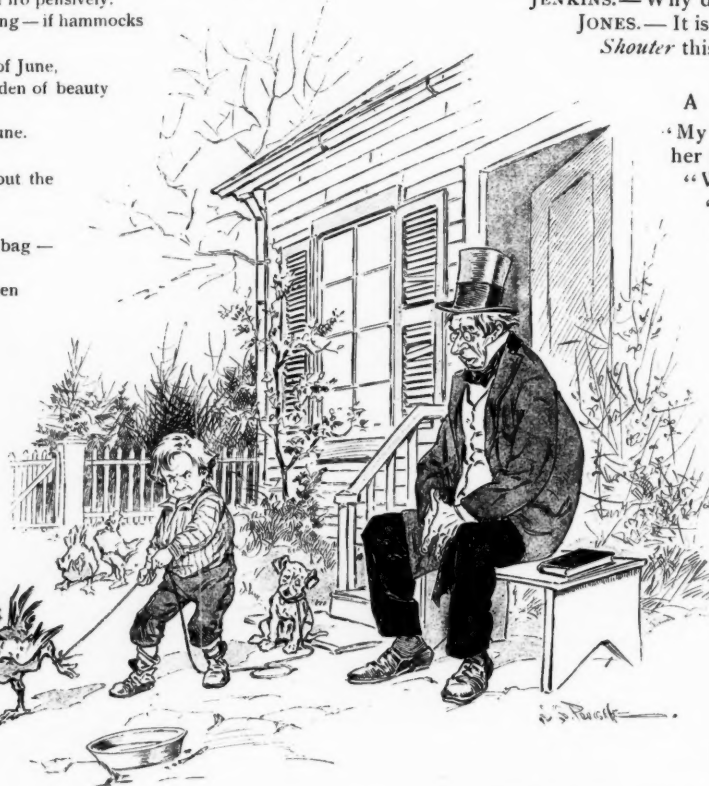
SHE.—Do you suppose his  
wife really supports him?

HE.—I judge so. He told  
me he did n't know what real  
happiness meant until after he  
got married.

MEN USED to think if hasting  
Time

Could linger 't would be fun;  
Now no one calls it wasting time  
To make a century run.

BEFORE YOU decide to be can-  
did, pause and consider how  
you would like it yourself.



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### WAITING.

VISITOR.—I hope, Johnny, that you never swear.

JOHNNY.—Oh, no! I must n't swear until I'm a man, like Papa.





PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A QUESTION  
AND AN  
ANSWER.

MR. W. L. TIMBERLAKE, a conductor on the Mobile Street Railway, has been asking questions of the Bryanites. One of them is this: "Mr. Bryan says that gold has appreciated. That under the gold standard the dollar has grown in value from 100 to 200 cents. Wages in this country are paid in gold or the equivalent. The rate of wages has risen since 1873. If the American workingman receives as many dollars for a day's work now as he did prior to 1873, and these dollars have grown in value from 100 to 200 cents, do you not think he would be unwise to swap them for dollars that Mr. Bryan tells him frankly would be worth only half as much?" The same question has often been asked during this campaign, but never more pointedly than this workingman puts it. Mr. Bryan has never answered it fairly or truthfully. He insists that the dollar has appreciated and now buys twice as many of the necessities of life as it did in 1873; but to escape the obvious retort to this he dodges behind the plain falsehood that the dollar is now twice as hard to get,—that labor is not now so well paid. Labor's wage is anywhere from forty to sixty per cent. higher to-day than it was in 1860; it has risen almost without relapse since that time. Mr. Bryan knows this, but he has counted upon driving it out of the workingman's mind by hysterical speeches. Such fatuity is characteristic of this boy Man. Some of his managers, however, who have reached maturity, have learned the folly of calling white black, even in impassioned flights of oratory. A simple-minded being named St. John is one of these. He is Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and of the National Silver Party. He has an answer of his own to the above question. He says: "We propose to increase the number of dollars in circulation and thereby diminish the purchasing value of each dollar, which will appear in the increased money value of all the products of labor, including the products of our farms. We shall thus increase the profits of all employers of labor, and thereby enable employers, if they will, to increase the pay of labor. When thus we

have provided employers with profitable prices for their production we shall leave it to organized labor to demand its fair share of these increased profits."

This news that Free Silver is a scheme primarily to benefit the scoundrelly employer of labor ought to startle many soldiers of the cause. The laboring man, it seems, is to be forced to pay two dollars for what he now gets for one dollar. Then the manufacturer who receives this extra dollar may give it back to the laboring man in the form of increased wages, "if he will;" if he will not give it back voluntarily the laboring man may strike,—and get back, if he can, by that means, the dollar which is now his.

Never, we believe, has such nonsense been spoken seriously outside of lunatic asylums and Republican platforms. We know the Republicans say that the way to help the laboring man is to give capital a high protective tariff in the hope that it will get benevolent and pay back to the laborer a part of the money it takes away from him; but we never expected to see the argument used by one claiming to be a Democrat. There has been a good deal of juvenility in this campaign; and this man St. John seems to be in his second childhood.

A PICTORIAL  
FORGERY.

THE SILVERITES have shown considerable ingenuity in the ways of deceit. In addition to barefaced mendacity they have resorted to forged statistics, forged editorials and forged speeches, to prop up their cause. Their prize-forgery, however, is the amendment of a certain campaign document that promised to do, and has done, great hurt to their cause. This document is the likeness of William Jennings Bryan. The camera, as is well known, is mercilessly exact, and there is no appeal from its verdict of a face. A genius in Denver, however, has foiled the inexorable lens and, by a resort to lithographic art, has materially abated the weakness, egotism, looseness and general unreliability that show so insistently in veracious portraits of Mr. Bryan. Upon an envelope which is used for the mailing of free-silver tracts appear side by side the alleged likenesses of William Jennings Bryan and George Washington. They are, in reality, two composite portraits of Washington and Bryan. The artful lithographer has tried to strike an average between the two faces. To Bryan's face he has added the calm, fearless honesty of Washington's eyes, his firm restraint of mouth and strength of chin, and that bulge in the jaw—occasioned by an ill-fitting set of artificial teeth—which so bothered the painter, Gilbert Stuart. The face of the father of his country has received in turn a dash of the Bryan weakness. It looks like the face of the impersonator who makes up as Washington in the variety show. There is a beautiful consistency in all this. If fifty cents' worth of silver may be stamped into a dollar why can not a fifty-three-cent demagogue be lithographed into a George Washington?—why not have free coinage of Washingtons? This is the first campaign we remember in which the candidate's face has been revised; but, then, Mr. Bryan is the first candidate we have had whose face could be used effectively against him.

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT  
OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.



MA SAYS life is short as Pa always is.

Pa says he's for sound money, an' Ma says that th' kind sh' gets from him is nothin' but sound.

I heard Pa say once he wisht Ma 'd get a newspaper t' d'clare her views on th' money question in.

Our house is on th' outskirts of th' town. I s'pose it's th' skirts that kick up so much dust.

Wonder why 't is th' men that are poor as th' dickens always know s' much 'bout th' money question?

I dunno what Pa meant, but he said th' other day that the kind of ration Ma believed in was sixteen words t' his one.

Once when I ast Pa what game he an' some company was playin' he said poker. I ast where th' poker was, an' he said it had entered his soul. What did he mean?

David Henry.

ONE OF MANY.

"Has Jones bolted? I thought he was a dyed-in-the-wool party man."

"He thought so himself; but a good deal of his party dye has come off this year."



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SUPERFLUOUS.

MAMA.—He is old, but very wealthy. You did n't tell him, my dear, that you did n't love him, did you?

DAUGHTER.—Oh, no! I thought I 'd wait until after we were married.



C.J. Taylor

WE ARE NOT A NATION OF SWINDLERS!



PUCK.





THE EDITOR'S AILMENT.

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"If you want to see the editor you'll have to go to his house," said the young assistant of the *Ruralville Basoo*, in reply to the visitor's question. "He is confined to his bed at home."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Aw, he insulted a doctor, and —"

"You mean 'consulted,' don't you?"

"Nope! The doctor seemed to think he was insulted, anyhow. Tell you all I know about it: I had been out on an errand, and when I got back I found the doctor just getting up off from the editor, who had his head jammed under the press as far as it would go, and was moaning in what you might call a reproachful way. 'The next time,' the

doctor was saying as I came in, 'that such a thing occurs I'll handle you so that you will look back upon the present occasion with unfeigned pleasure!' Then he kicked his prey once more, and walked out."

"Good gracious! What was the editor's offence?"

"Why, in printing the account of the sudden death of a prominent citizen, instead of saying, 'The physician first felt the deceased's pulse,' the types made him say, 'The physician first felt the deceased's purse.' If it had been anybody but a doctor, he might have made him believe that it was a typographical error, but jokes of that kind on the medical profession are too common."

Tom P. Morgan.

NOT READY YET.



"DON'T KNOW as I was a bit surprised b'cuz the world did n't come to an end day before yesterday, as the Adventists had predicted it would," said the Kohack philosopher, addressing collectively the group of loungers assembled in the corner grocery. "To my mind, things was n't ready; the accepted time had n't come."

"Accordin' to my way of lookin' at it, the world won't come to an end till its affairs are ready to be wound up, an' it 'pears to me that there is a good many things yet to be settled an' adjusted before then. F'r instance, this 'ere silver question an' the tariff ort to be decided; the north pole needs to be discovered, an' an end put to

that everlastin' foolishness; Cuba must be freed; that there Venezuela boundary should be fixed; the Prince of Wales ort to git a chance to reign for a spell, jest to see how it would feel; the Keely Motor needs to mote a little; the flyin'-machine inventors deserve to be successful or all be killed off; New England people will have to git the notion out of their heads that there is nuthin' worth mentionin' west of the Alleghany Mountains, an' the Western people should understand that all the men in the East are neither Shylocks nor professors; the men who make wheelbarrow an' whiskers bets on election should all pass away in great agony; the voters of Arkansas ort to have the sad news broken to 'em gently that Giner'l Jackson is dead; yellow shoes, cigarettes an' golf must disappear from the face of the earth; an' Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease owes it to humanity to take a tumble off from the perch.

"There are a good many other odds an' ends that ort to be cleared away, an' mistakes of humanity that should be rectified, before it would strike me that the scheme of creation was complete in all its details an' the time for the wind-up at hand."



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SHE RIDES A BIKE.

JERRY.—Say, Tony! I got to quit de biz.

TONY.—What for?

JERRY.—Me wife's worn out all me bloomers.

THE FOOTBALL has degenerated into a mere *casus belli* — the least important thing connected with the fight.





"LOVE MAKES COWARDS."

SAD COQUETTE is Mistress Bess  
With eyes of blue, as you might guess,  
Well versed in Cupid's arts.  
But, ah! it is her golden hair  
I dread the most — that lovely snare 's  
Caught many struggling hearts.

I'd brave her mouth, her dimples, too,  
I'd brave her smiles, her eyes of blue,  
I'd brave her low replies,  
Her winsome ways — but who would dare  
Brave gleaming threads of golden hair,  
Were he a man with eyes?

Lawrence K. Russell.

THE DOUBTFUL DEBTOR.

GROCER'S WIFE.—I vonder ef you had n't petter loog out or dot Mr. Smeetherton not pay us his pills. He seems not to have been aple to take his family to der gountry, dis Summer.

GROCER (*wisely*).—Und I have been vonderin' ef Mr. Seezletope vill be aple to pay his pills, because he haf had his family away at der gountry, all Summer.

A TRAIN OF EVILS.

"No," said the prominent citizen of Ruralville, wagging his head sadly; "when we whirled in and elected a woman mayor and town government we did n't know what ills we were inviting."

"What has happened since?" inquired the visiting city man.

"Why, since then the village has produced a woman preacher, two women doctors, a woman lawyer, nearly a dozen young lady elocutionists, and more men drunkards and unpatched pants and ragged children than any town of three times its size in the State; and now a female band is being organized."

A MAN SHOULD have the courage of his opinions even when they conflict with his past opinions.



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SUSPICION.

FATHER.—Vot line of peesness is dot young teller in, Repecca?

DAUGHTER.—I don't know. He nefer talk shop.

FATHER.—So? Den I'm afraid he don't haf no shop to talk.

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A HIRSUTE RETAINER.



THE POPULIST.—Tell ye what, if these whiskers and my speech don't stampede that convention t' night an' nominate me fer Congress it won't be my fault. Confound it! Where did I lay my speech, anyhow?



THE POPULIST, angrily slamming down the lid.—Consarn it all! 'T ain't there! Where did I put it? I'll be late for that convention.



THE POPULIST.—Great Silver! I'm in a nice fix! Th' lid is locked and th' key in my other pants upstairs.



THE POPULIST.—Talk about Free Silver! It's Free Whiskers I want now; and Mary Ellen won't be home fer two hours. O Lord! I'll not git to that convention.



THE POPULIST, as MARY ELLEN comes in two hours later.—Why did n't I cut off my whiskers? Oh! just listen to th' woman! Cut off my whiskers—the pride of the 'Steenth Congressional district of Nebraska! If I had I would have dug my perilitical grave.



DEPUTATION, calling on Mr. SAUERGRASS the next morning.—Mr. Sauergrass, as ye did n't 'pear to think it worth yer while to 'tend th' convention last night we nomernated Si Hawkins in yer stead. You'd better cut them whiskers off an' jine th' gold bugs!

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 Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

BACON.—There's a man in our town who goes to sleep on his wheel.  
 EGBERT.—Falls asleep, does n't he?  
 —Yonkers Statesman.

THE WORK OF A MASTER.  
 "What's that beautiful sonata your daughter's playing?"  
 "It's a man tuning the piano." — *Detroit Free Press.*

"JUST AS GOOD."  
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VISITOR.—Poor fellow! What caused him to go insane?  
 ATTENDANT.—Trying to think of a new joke on the 16 to 1 question. — *Norristown Herald.*



**LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS.**  
 "Name on Every Piece."  
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**The WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 81 Pearl St., Boston.**

GOOD CAUSE FOR ALARM.  
 ANXIOUS MOTHER.—My dear, is not your husband drinking pretty heavily?  
 DAUGHTER (wife of an editor).—U'm!—why do you ask?  
 A.M.—Oh, nothing! Only I have noticed several articles in his paper lately about the dangers of ice-water.  
*New York Weekly.*

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has no superior. A large yearly increase in its sales says so.

How much it would shorten our long prayers in church, if we would only pray for what we are willing to work for.  
 —*Ram's Horn.*



HOW IT HAPPENED.  
 FARMER HORNBEAK.—How was Judge Broadhead's gold-standard speech at the joint debate last night?  
 JAY GREEN.—He did n't make any.  
 "What was the matter? Did the other fellow frighten him out?"  
 "No; but he did n't get a chance to make it. You see, Cassaway, the free silver advocate, got the openin' speech an' talked right along in a straight streak till two o'clock in the mornin', like a feller pouring buckwheat into a hopper. Then he woke up the few of us that remained an' led us from the hall, leavin' his opponent to put out the lights."

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NANSEN is getting up another excursion to the pole. It seems that he did n't cut enough ice on his last trip. — *Atlanta Constitution.*



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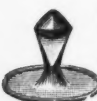
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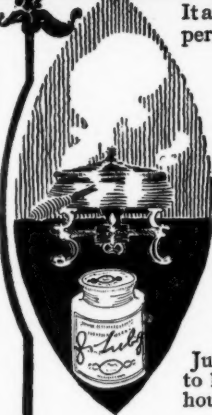
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"Yes, sir," replied the clerk; "we marked the entire stock down yesterday." — *Trenton Gazette*.

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# JASON AND THE SILVER FLEECE.



A FELLER COME to Jason's place, an' he to Jason said:  
 "Ye poor old ornery critter, ye mout as well be dead!  
 Ye can't git nothin' fer yer crops, ye can't pay fer yer farm;  
 Yer whole year's work, when simmered down, ain't worth a tinker's darn.  
 The rich is growin' richer, an' the pore is growin' pore,  
 An' there ain't no use o' wastin' of yer energy no more.  
 The railroads eats up half ye make, an' the banker takes a slice,  
 An' the bunco-steerer robs ye with an innocent device.

"But ef ye 'll get yer hat an' travel down the road a piece,  
 Ye 'll find a ram a-sportin' of a shinin' silver fleece.  
 Ye don't need nothin' else but him — jes' creep up by his side,  
 An' kill an' skin the animule an' take his magic hide —  
 An' then, whenever ye may feel like makin' of a test,  
 Jes' wish fer anythin' ye want, an' the fleece 'll do the rest."

The ram he led ole Jason then a long an' weary chase;  
 But Jason was a farmer, an' was bound to win the race;  
 He traveled on persistent, an' he gave the ram no peace  
 Till he caught him, an' he skinned him, an' he got his silver fleece.  
 An' when he hed it tightly gripped in both his horny hands,  
 He spoke up like a Populist and made his just demands.



"I stand upon my platform — more especially the planks  
 That cusses all the railroads an' roasts the national banks.  
 I don't want no more interest nor no more freight to pay,  
 Nor no more gallin' slavery under Corporation's sway!  
 I never shall be satisfied my efforts to relax  
 'Till the poor man gits the income an' the rich man pays the tax!"



When Jason reached his farm ag'in his wish had come to pass:  
 Not a railroad train was runnin', an' the track was grown to grass;  
 In the town he done his tradin' in, the stores was closed up tight,  
 An' there wa'n't a man of business ner a dollar-bill in sight.

So Jason had no freight to pay — ez the railroads did n't run;  
 His interest was overdue, but he did n't git no dun;  
 The bank had failed — his creditors had gone fer, fer away —  
 An' Uncle Sam was busted, an' there wa'n't no tax to pay.

An' Jason raised a fust-rate crop, an' in the Fall one day  
 Along come Coxey's Army, an' they kerried it away.

Fred Nye.

